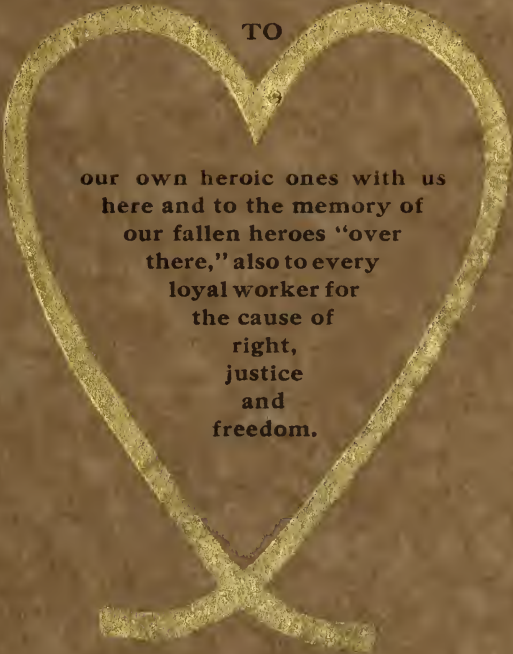


Miscellaneous Poems

DEDICATED

TO



our own heroic ones with us
here and to the memory of
our fallen heroes "over
there," also to every
loyal worker for
the cause of
right,
justice
and
freedom.

By Lucie Sage Day

WILSON ON PHYSICAL SURVEY

25
1891

1891



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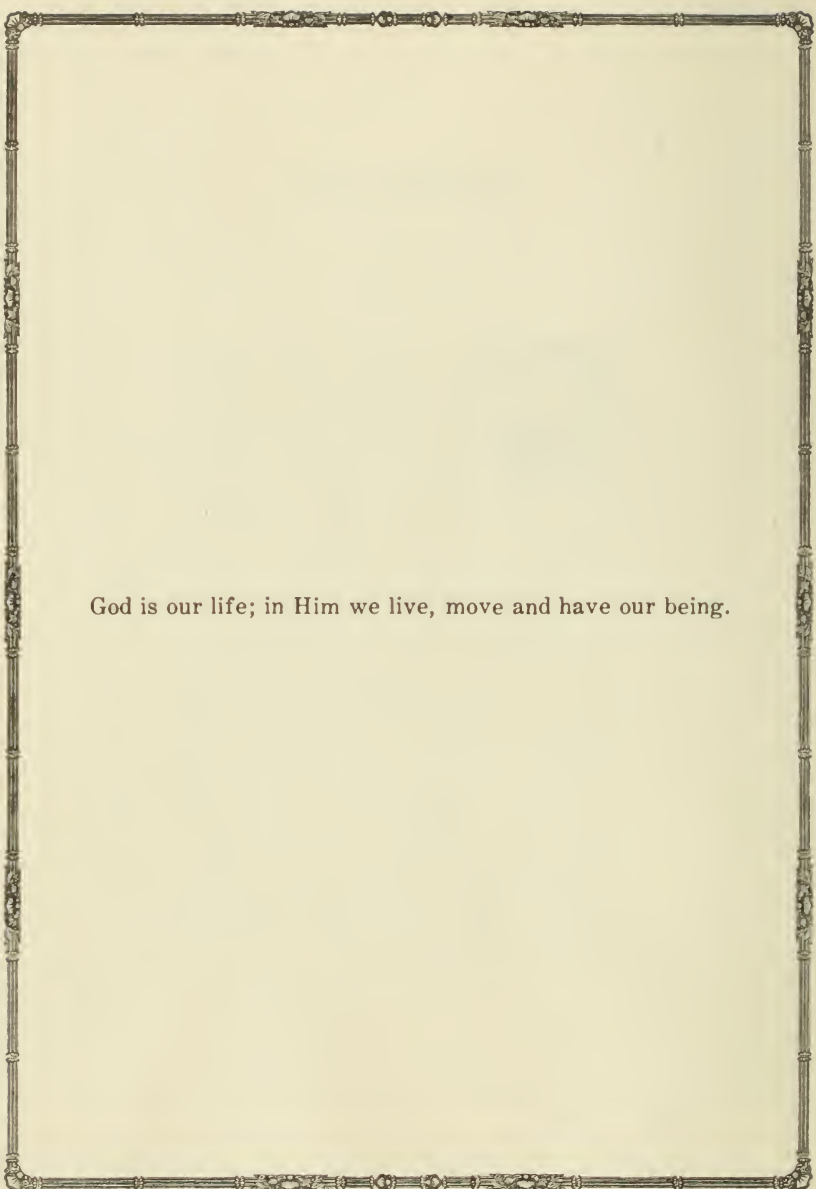
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INTRODUCTION.



ANY years have elapsed since I began writing, principally for my own gratification. Repeatedly friends have urged me to have my verses published in "Gift Book" form. Until the present, I have never felt quite equal to the undertaking. Now, in view of the great cataclysm of suffering, sorrow and woe incident to war's devastation, I have decided that the opportune time has arrived to go forward with my work and send the little book forth on its mission, with words of comfort and good cheer, trusting that it will be received with the same spirit in which it is offered; also that criticisms will be tempered with this thought, "she hath done what she could."

AUTHOR.



God is our life; in Him we live, move and have our being.

LOVE'S MESSAGE.

Good cheer to the hearts that are breaking,
A message to the souls that are sad;
To the Christ love you are fully awaking,
Rejoice, be thankful and glad.

The cross has been heavy to carry,
Your own strength exhausted and gone;
Divine love has come forever to tarry,
Your heart song is of victory won.

The thorns have pierced you severely.
Gall pressed to your lips as a drink;
The sacrifice has cost you most dearly,
But Christ from that cup did not shrink.

The furnace has been seven-fold heated,
You felt you were there all alone;
Divine love and strength were ten-fold repeated,
Faith and hope now blend in each tone.

Just place your hand in the Father's,
And sing, if you can—as you go;
God's strength all around you now gathers,
Grace and love are His to bestow.



Nothing can be done without a first idea.

BEAR EACH OTHER'S BURDENS.

Do we bear each other's burdens?

Do we share each other's pain?

Do we soothe the spirit's anguish,

And from bitterness refrain?

Christ divine with love eternal,

Ever perfect without flaw;

Help each other bear life's burdens,

"This," he said, "fulfills my law."

If a heart in woe is shrouded,

Or a soul is sad with grief;

Do we gently bear the burden?

Do we try to give relief?

Or do cares, which are mere trifles,

Occupy each heart and mind,

Till we cease to bear the burdens

Which in life we'll ever find?

If we bear each other's burdens,

We fulfill Christ's law of love;

Blending spirits in sweet union

For the final home above.

If charity and lovingkindness

Guide in every word and deed;

We will never shrink from burdens,

If to bear them there is need.

If we understood the heartaches,

Caused by efforts all in vain;

Spirits crushed by disappointments,

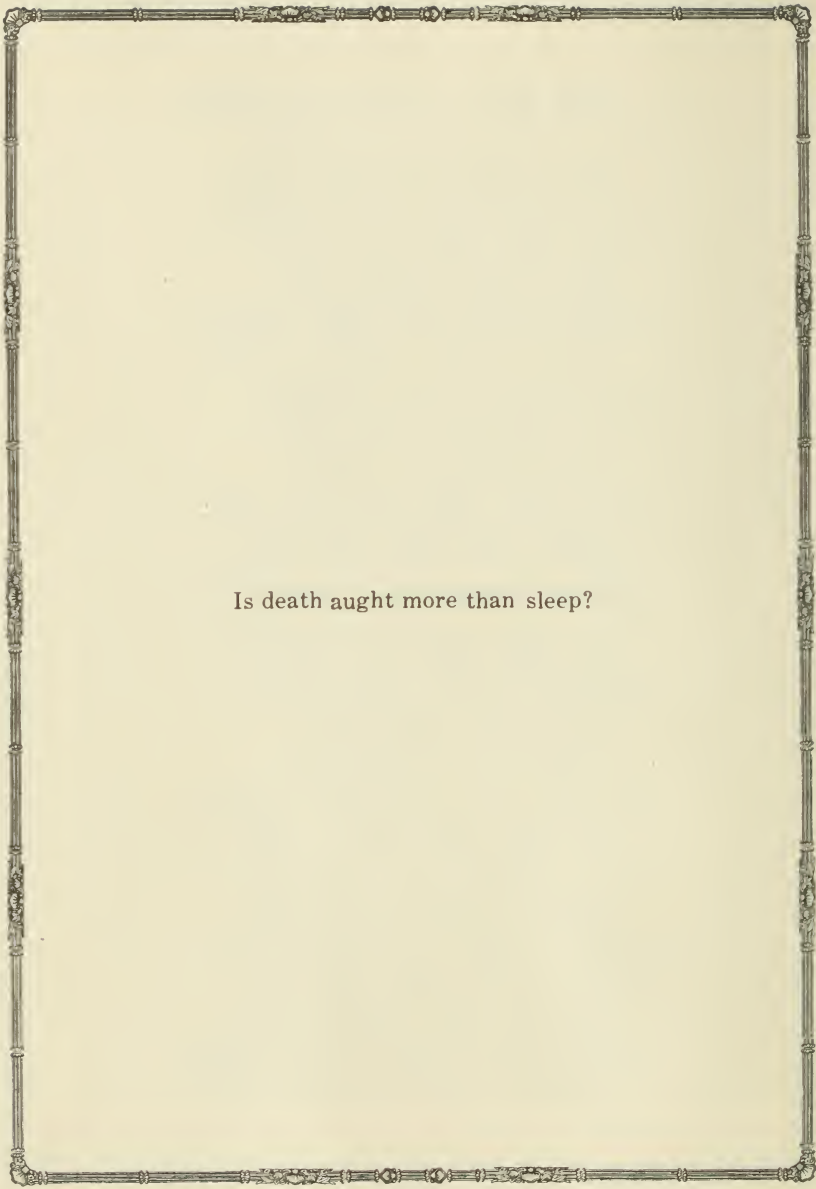
Every hope among the slain;

Would charity, with kindly mantle,

Cover o'er both grief and sin?

Should we help where now we hinder?

Should we strive the soul to win?



Is death aught more than sleep?

GOD'S WONDERFUL HAND.

Why do our dear ones go bravely forth to battle for life?
They shrink not nor falter midst war's carnage and strife,
They march forth triumphant at their leader's command;
In that they discern God's wonderful hand.

Whence this heroic spirit and veteran dash?
Oblivious to danger—with the foe they are eager to clash.
They promptly respond to every demand,
As they recognize quickly God's wonderful hand.

We give up our loved ones to be ruthlessly slain,
That the innocent no longer suffer under tyrannical reign.
By the side of our brave ones we heroically stand,
While we trust to the guidance of God's wonderful hand.

No one has been called to this conflict entirely alone;
As God's son on the cross, the world's sins to atone.
Christ's life was restored that we may now understand,
That all is made possible through God's wonderful hand.



Peace on earth, good will to man.

WHAT IS SPIRIT?

Soul, spirit or life—why care for the name.
Intangible something—to sense 'tis the same.
Unreal—yet how true to impulse and heart.
Soul, spirit or life—which is the real part?

Unseen is the spirit—the soul, or the life.
Every deed we perform, with spirit is rife.
Invisible, yet guiding, wherever we go.
Is it soul, life or spirit? To see is to know.

Is it influence only? Neither spirit nor soul
Are tangible objects—hence past our control;
While they weave round and o'er us webs of real worth,
As thought, soul and spirit await us at birth.

With our first breath of life the spirit is given.
To exist without soul, would be false to Heaven.
Thus spirit and soul ever mingle with life.
Thought, mind and soul with spirit are rife.

The wisest philosopher can never define
Life, soul and spirit and there draw the line.
Allied to each other, through channels unseen;
Who can sever the cords, or weave threads between?



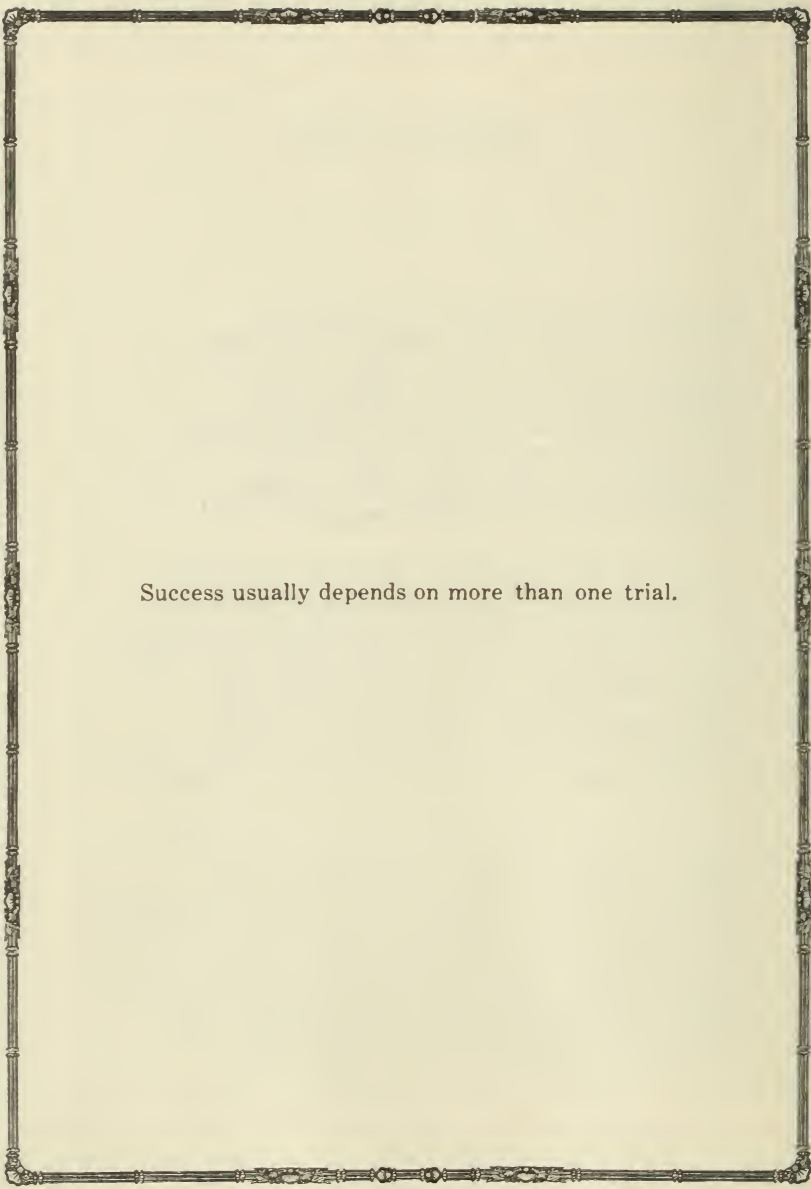
Resurrection is the waking to eternal life.

SPIRITUAL SLEEP.

Close not the spiritual eyes to the light,
By faith we must walk, instead of by sight.
May this prayer from the heart continually rise:
Enlighten, dear Lord, our spiritual eyes,
That we sleep not the sleep of spiritual death,
Nor forget the fount from which we draw breath;
But gird up our loins, the race to renew,
Though damp be our locks from night's falling dew.

Worn are the sandals—the feet, too, are weary—
Prolonged is the journey, the way often dreary.
If our shield is of faith, and with hope we are shod,
We'll not sleep by the way which others have trod.
Mists often gather like a veil o'er the sight,
Spirit grows drowsy, with shadows of night.
Enlighten our eyes, that we sleep not death's sleep,
But arise while 'tis day, to sow, garner or reap.

May the eyes of the soul be fixed on the prize,
While onward we move, and upward we rise.
Thought link with thought, from sphere unto sphere,
As a golden chain, binding the there to the here.
When the silver cord loosens, this life then is o'er,
And our spirit eyes open on that evergreen shore;
With the seraphim choir of that angelic host,
We'll praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

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Success usually depends on more than one trial.

OUR BRAVE WOMEN.

Here's an appeal to true womanhood of every nation;
It comes through travail and pain of war's desolation.
Shrink not, nor falter in the world's conflict and strife;
Be you mother or sister, sweetheart or wife.

This answer comes quickly from every land, every nation,
For courage and wisdom—not for world's approbation;
We will garner our strength, all deep streams to ford,
For final results, we must trust in the Lord.

Now woman steps forward, showing no agitation;
She proclaims freedom and justice for every known nation;
Conserving her forces, not a tear dims her eye;
We are ready for action, to do or to die.

Today we clasp hands with all women of whatever nation,
With true hearted welcome, without hesitation.
All are equipped with courage and strength to heed
duty's call,
“For united we stand, but divided we fall.”



The inner side of every cloud is always bright and shining.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

The cry "to arms" that came, my boys,
And swept from sea to sea;
The call was for the brave of heart;
Was that call to you and me?

We girded strong for battle,
Although we knew full well
We'd be but living targets
For German shot and shell.

The cry of suffering children
And women in distress,
Filled every heart with courage,
Their sufferings to redress.

Our lives were in the balance,
'Gainst crimes of darkest hue;
While thoughts of our own loved ones
Did each heart with strength imbue.

And when the time for action came,
This banished fear and pains.
We will strike a blow for freedom,
And break a tyrant's chains.



Be sure you're right, then never take a back seat.

OUR HEROES.

You bravely marched forth, my boys,
Before the cannon's roar;
With courage for your watchword,
Like the brave in days of yore.

You marched forth as brave young soldiers,
With hearts and nerves of steel;
Remembering every cry for help;
To you came their appeal.

March on! You're like an avalanche
Of strength and manly pride.
Be brave and never falter,
Whatever may betide.

Our cause is for a people,
By crime and wrong oppressed;
They cry to you for pity,
That their wrongs may be redressed.

Their cause is just and merciful,
Their sorrows you must share.
Like true and valient soldiers,
All hardships strive to bear.

And when the war is over,
And our cause is nobly won;
May laurels speak of valor
For each brave and loyal son.



Peace, peace, may Heaven speed thy dawning.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

As the dusky shades of evening, slowly clasp the waning
light,
Chipping lingering rays of sun into disks of starry night;
In the gloaming I am sitting, while my thoughts, un-
bidden, roam;
And the song they're ever singing is the one of "Home,
sweet home".

Now the twinkling stars are shining, in the far-off
azure blue,
Shimmering like specks of crystal, flecked by pearly
drops of dew.
Night has drawn her dusky mantle softly o'er day's
fading light;
Memory is sadly chanting, "Where's my wandering
boy tonight?"

Time's cycles revolving, ever hastening along,
Cast prismatic colors o'er this old-fashioned song;
The rhythm comes to me sweetly, while on each note
I dwell;
The song is "The old oaken bucket, that hung in the well."

Memory's chains quickly entwine every thought with
the past,
'Mid strange scenes of rare beauty, far too ethereal to last.
While strains of low music, wafted, light as sea foam,
Echo is ever repeating, "Far from the old folks at home."

While the gloaming yet lingers, the day-star draws near,
It is sweet tones of rare music which now fall on my ear.
Beautiful phantoms of thought, flitting lighter than air,
Gently carol the song of "The Old Arm Chair."



Judge not; we can only see things on the surface.

GOD'S GIFT TO ME.

God's life is mine, He gave it me;
I know 'tis mine eternally.
But when he calls, I'll lay all down,
And take from Him a starry crown.

God's breath is mine, He gave it me;
And thus 'tis mine eternally.
But at His call, what a delight
To exchange with Him for robes of white.

God's strength is mine, He gave it me,
And now 'tis mine eternally.
But at His call my spirit yields,
Pearly gates are open to flowery fields.

God's love is mine, He gave it me,
I am sure 'tis mine, eternally.
But when He calls that love to prove,
There's no exchange, for love is God, and
God is love.



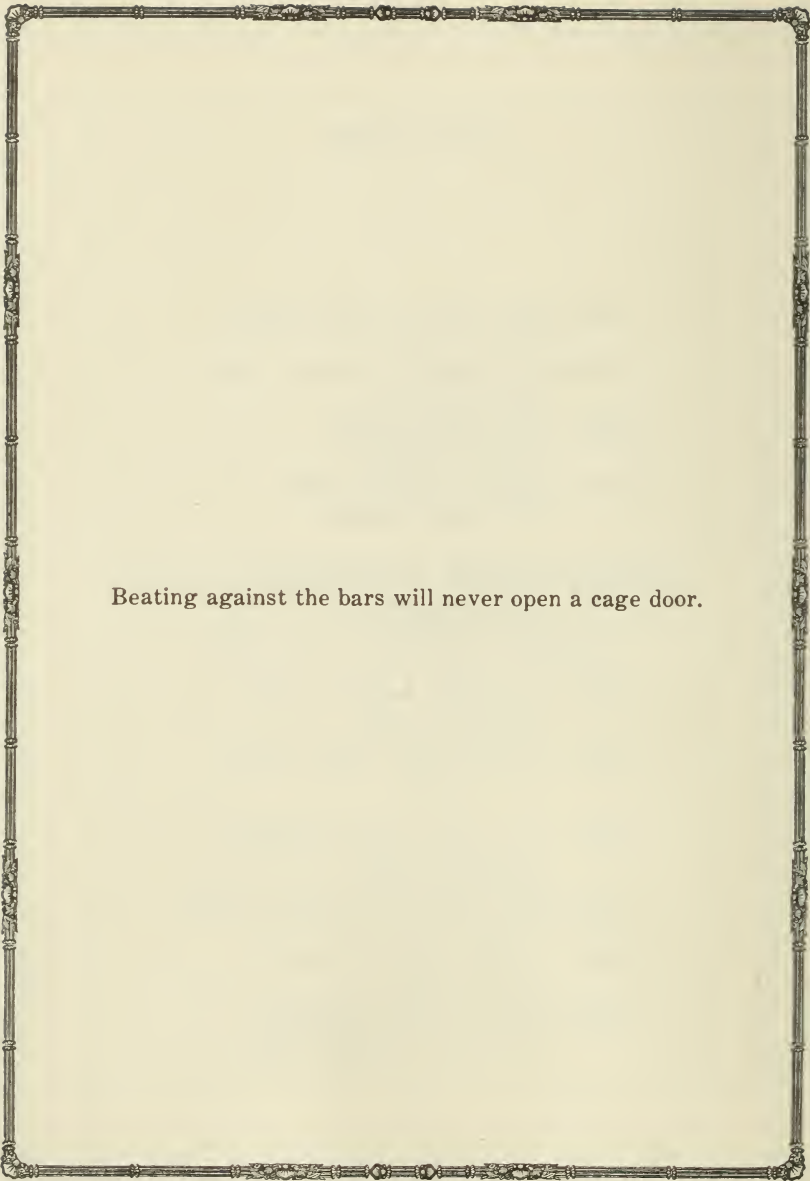
We gladly leave behind the old and press forward
to the new.

LIFE'S WEB.

Time just gathers up the threads
Of one day;
Weaving strangely mixed up webs
On her way;
Many colors intercrossed,
Like a prism;
Or, as flecks of winter frost,
'Ere sun's risen.

Just a knotted, tangled skein,
In the hand,
Pressing on through sun and rain,
O'er the land.
Soon the journey comes to end,
May we rest.
Here we part from every friend;
Is it best?

When the tangled skein unwinds,
Will we know
The bright and fairest path to find?
Will we go
When the final call we hear?
Let us come,
Linger not, at once draw near;
We have reached home.



Beating against the bars will never open a cage door.

HOE YOUR OWN ROW.

I care not for wealth, for honor, or fame,
Nor a high-sounding title prefixed to my name.

I am jolly and happy,
Always sing as I go.
There's no happier man,
I'm the man with the hoe.

A match for all wrestlers in country or town,
As champion boxer, I've gained no renown.

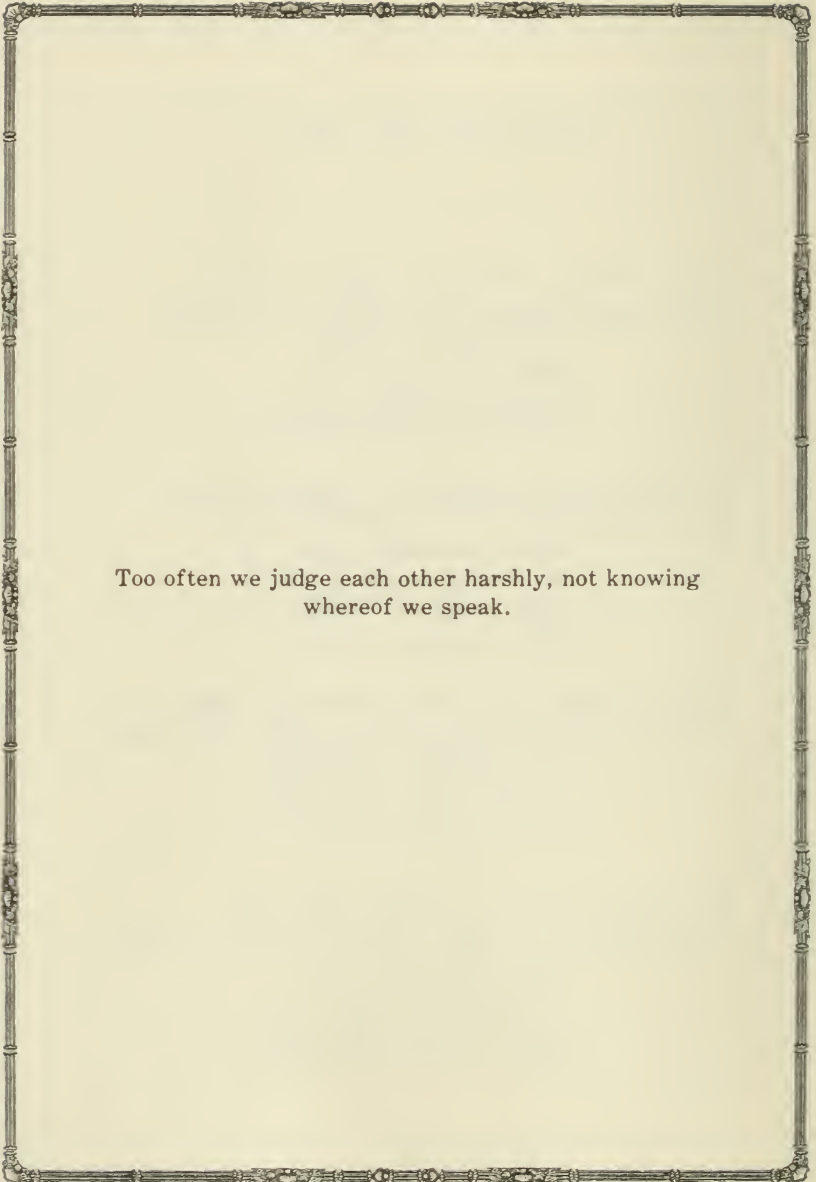
I'm a masterful man,
The world ought to know.
First, I master myself,
Then, I master the hoe.

There is much that is true and noble in life;
This my dominant aim—never meddle with strife.

I'm contented and happy,
This fact you may know,
The hoe never shapes me,
For I shape the hoe.

The halos of glory encircling great men,
Grand beacons of light—far too wise for my pen.

When weary with toil,
I still sing as I go;
For I'm king among men,
While I hoe my own row.



Too often we judge each other harshly, not knowing
whereof we speak.

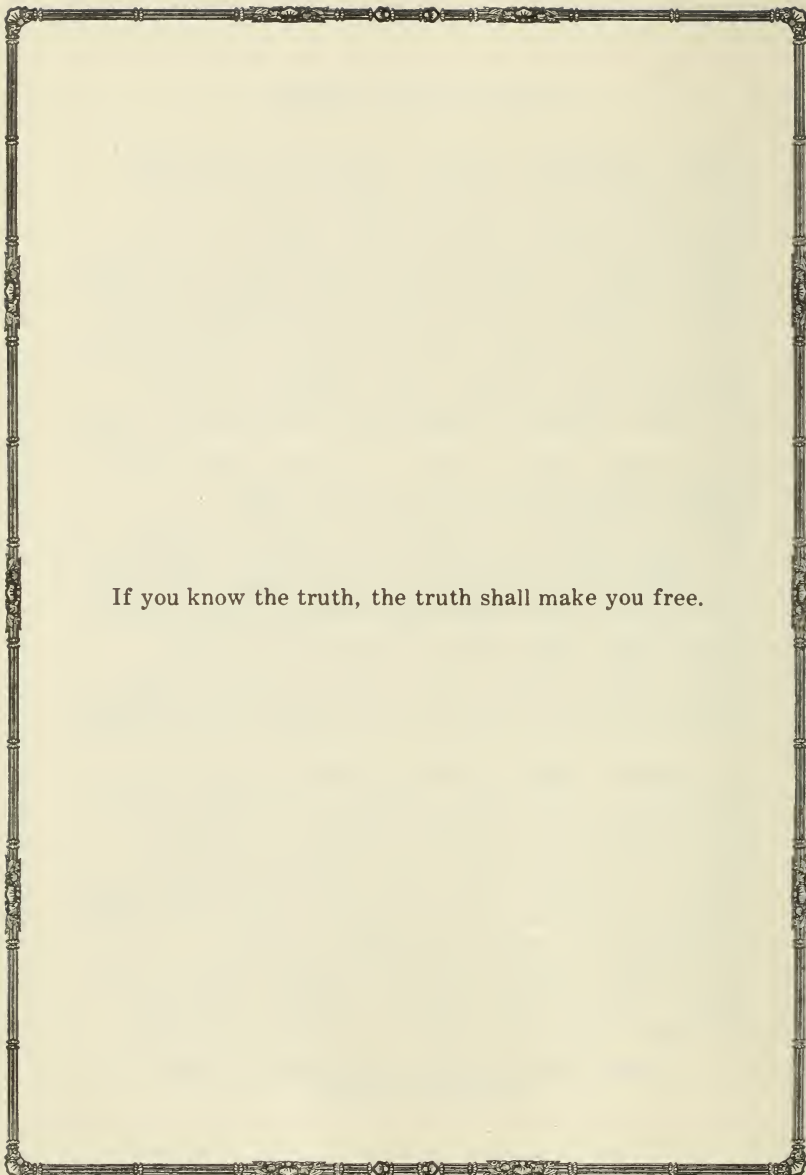
THE SHASTA ROUTE.

Grand, picturesque scenery, uncultured and wild;
Art is awed into silence by Nature's rough child.
Mt. Shasta alone no pencil could trace,
With its phantom appearance, ever changing its place.
Miner's Peak, or "Black Butte," stands alone to the sight,
Like a monster just risen from the darkness of night.
Dark pines and bright flowers fill the air with perfume,
As we wind out and in on the railroad's swift loom.
Through valley and glen, over mountain and plain,
We catch glimpses of beauty from the fast-flying train.

As we whirl round a curve, in the fast fading light,
Mount Shasta again rises up to the sight.
One is transfixed with rapture the sight to behold;
Its snow crest is burnished with sunset's bright gold.
In admiration we're lost, when the engine bell rings,
And we halt for a drink from the cool Shasta Springs.
Here Nature holds revel in beauty that's wild—
Just a slight touch of art to refine Nature's child.
Down steep mountain sides, many cascades are dashing;
Over moss-covered rocks, in the sunlight they're flashing.

In grandeur sublime Nature speaks to the soul,
Through her own scenic beauty, past artist's control.
Half sleeping, half waking—almost in a dream—
Such weird enchantment one sometime has seen.
There are sketches of beauty from the skilled hand of Art,
Which seem of this life to claim their own living part;
Still there is a touch only Nature can give,
And objects inanimate seem to breathe and to live.
Right here one may wonder if Nature can boast
Of more rare scenic beauty on Pacific's vast coast.

Written aboard the train on a trip to California in 1897.
Published at that time.

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If you know the truth, the truth shall make you free.

RESURRECTION.

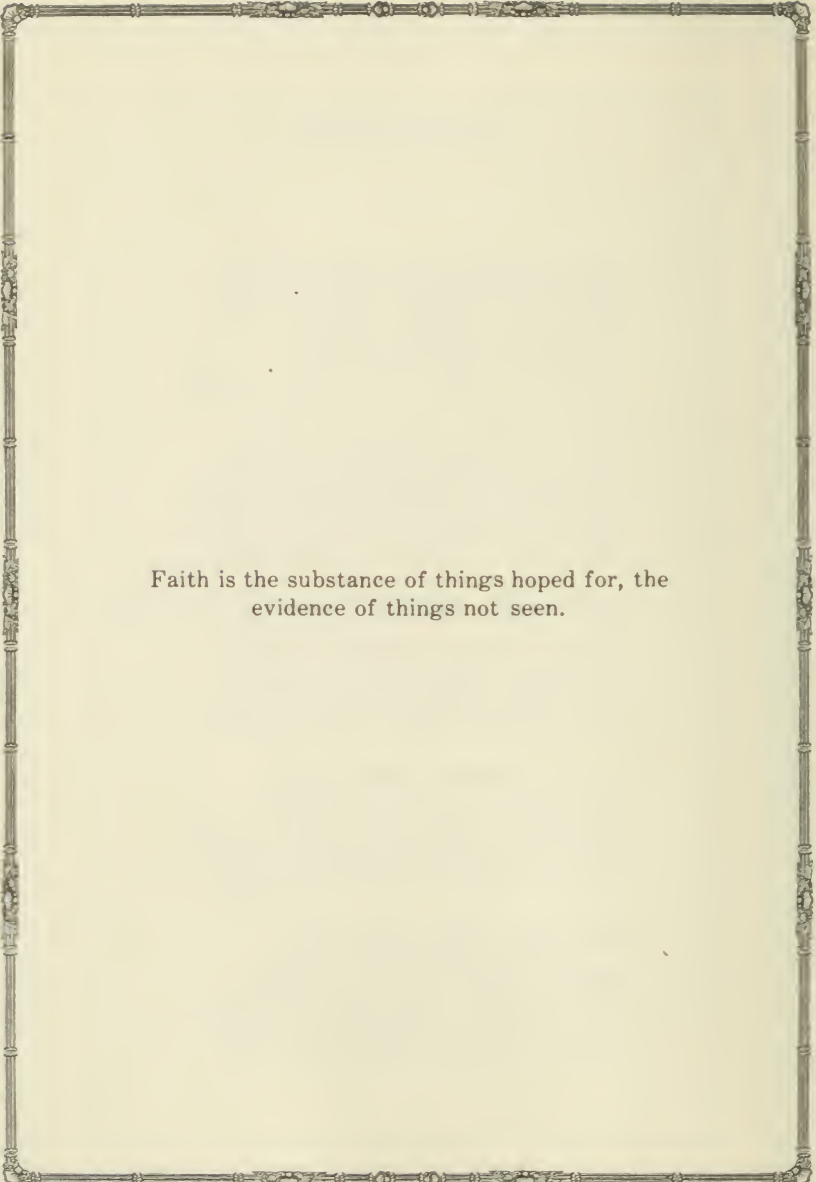
Peace on earth, good will to man;
Thus o'er Heavenly courts it ran,
Heralding a Saviour's birth.
Christ, the Lord, has come to earth.

Born of earth, he's born to die;
Gloom of night obscures the sky;
Heavenly light above death's prison;
Bands are broken—lo! He's risen!

Joy on earth and joy in Heaven,
Voice of song to praise is given;
Christ has risen from the tomb,
Light divine where all was gloom.

Let the Easter anthems ring
Welcome to our risen King;
Waft the notes above death's prison,
Song of victory—Christ has risen!

Twine the Easter lilies fair,
Garland both for brow and hair,
O'er the brow once damp in prison;
Crown of lilies—Christ has risen!



Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the
evidence of things not seen.

DAILY PROBLEMS.

ADDITION.

Add virtue to virtue, add justice to truth;
Add grace to old age, add discretion to youth;
Add wisdom and knowledge to duties well done;
As a final, add charity 'ere setting of sun.

SUBTRACTION.

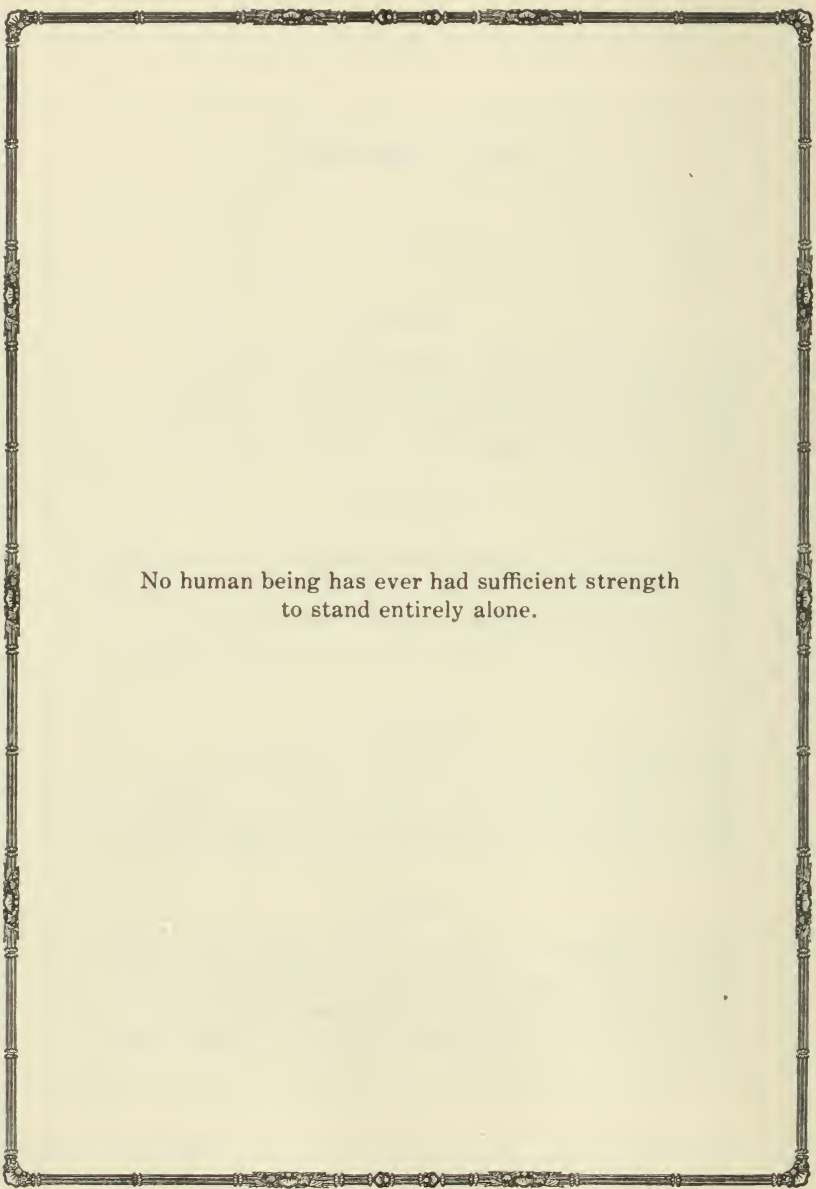
Subtract all the wrong from thought, word or deed;
For subtracting remorse there will never be need;
For many this problem is not easy to solve,
As good and bad deeds round each other revolve.

MULTIPLICATION.

Multiply all joys, real comfort and peace;
Also kindness and love—may they ever increase.
Multiply kind deeds and words—they have little cost;
Multiply hopes for the future, may no hope be lost.

DIVISION.

Divide cheerfulness, courage, and lasting good will,
That all may share fully, each heart have its fill.
Divide charity by love; divide again if you can;
Love will be the remainder—Heaven's infinite plan.



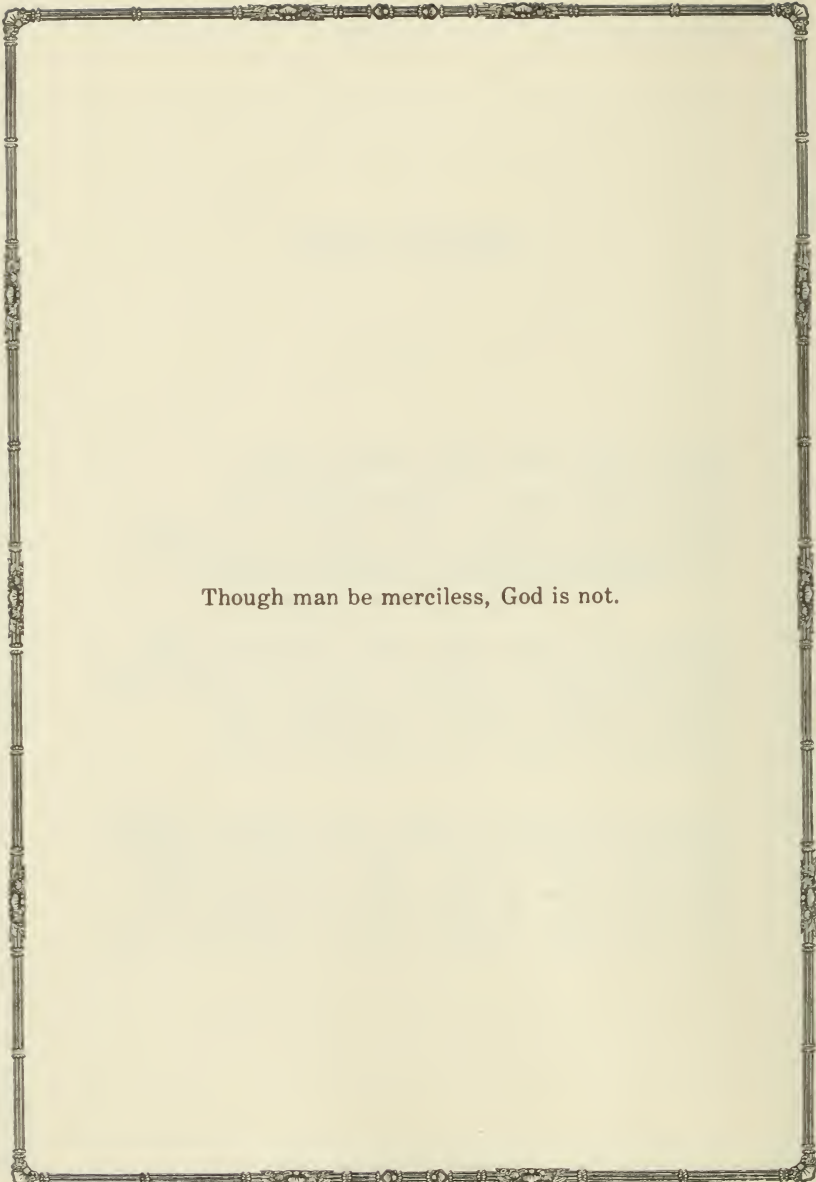
No human being has ever had sufficient strength
to stand entirely alone.

PERFECT TRUST.

Trust in the Lord when troubles assail;
Trust in Him more if earthly friends fail.
Trust in the morning when sunbeams are bright,
Trust Him more fully in shadows of night.

Trust in the Lord when storm clouds are nigh,
And lightnings are flashing athwart the dark sky;
While menacing thunders unceasingly roll,
Daunting the heart and chilling the soul.

Though the chalice be filled with bitterest draught,
Remember the Lord the same cup hath quaffed.
Then trust Him by faith that's born from above,
To temper each draught with His marvelous love.



Though man be merciless, God is not.

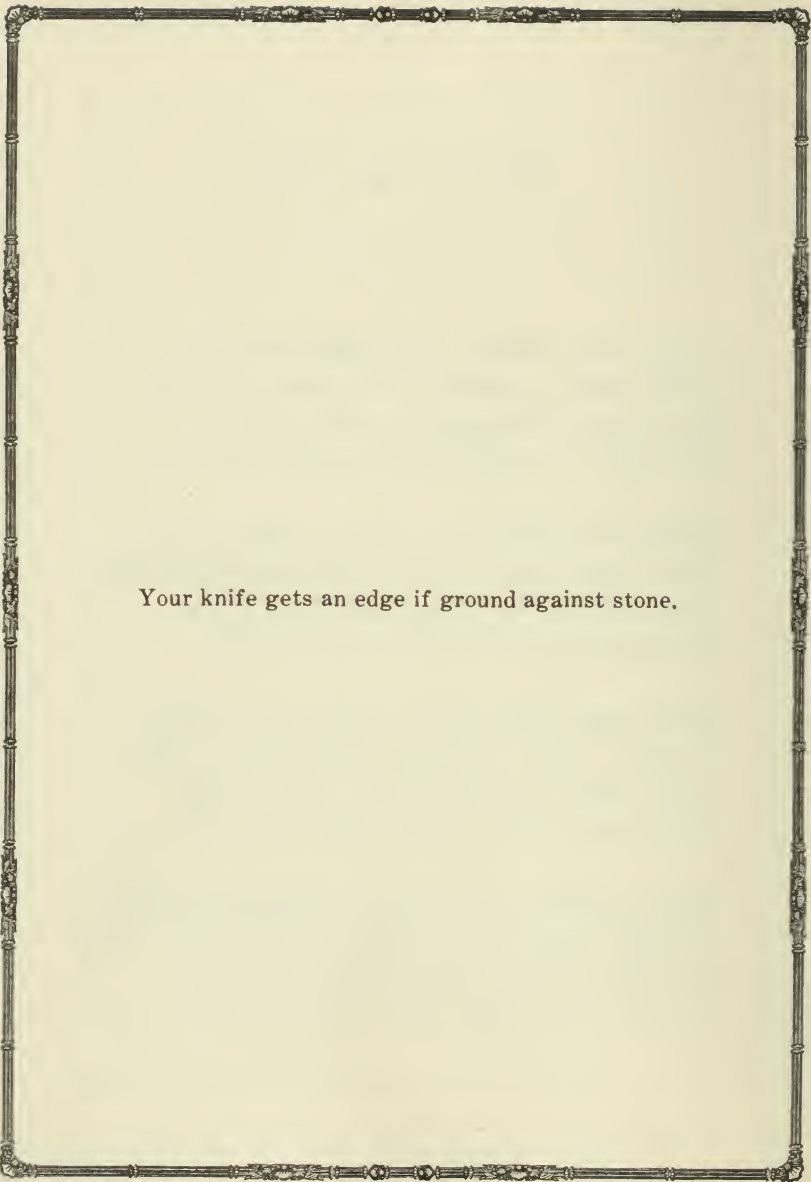
SONG OF THE RAIN.

I fill all the streams, the rivulets and rills,
I fall gently on valleys, I rush down the hills;
The just and the unjust are alike unto me.
The earth is my playmate, from sea unto sea.

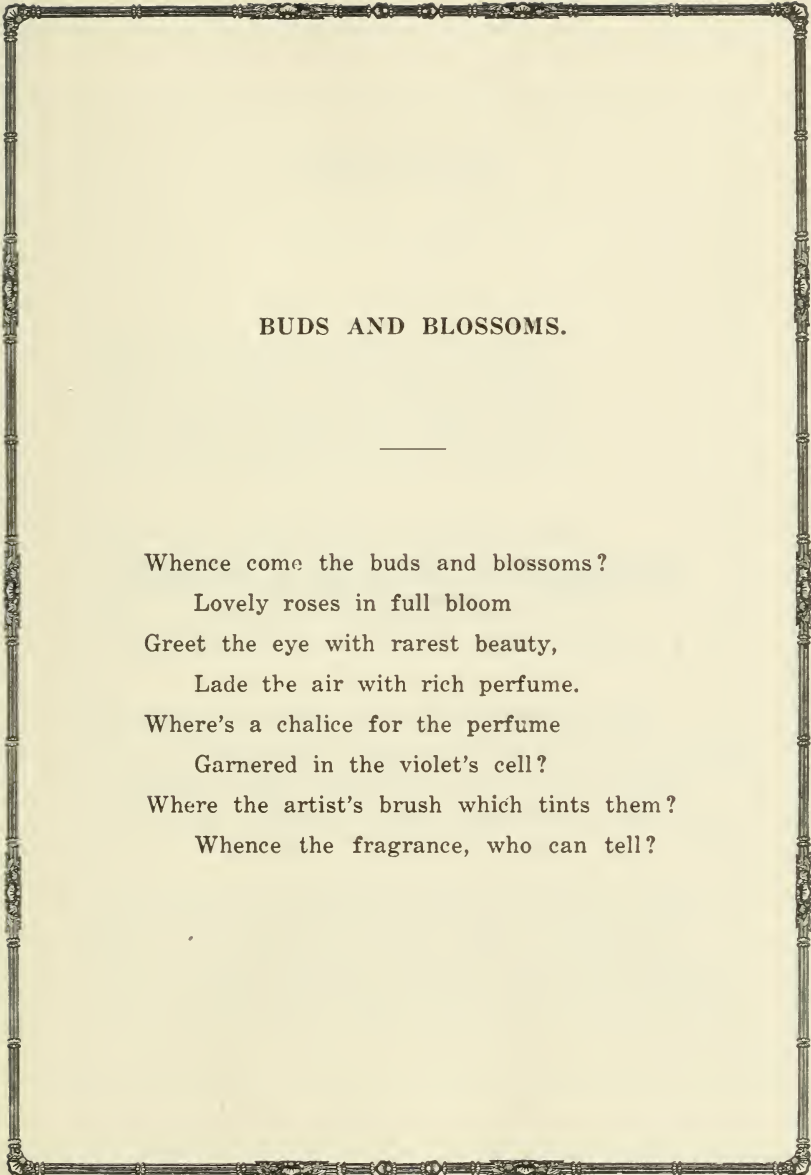
Darkness is mine, then I weep in large tears,
When clouds hang like palls o'er the bright spheres.
I fear not the darkness, but hasten my fall,
With patter so gentle that is music to all.

When weary with cares you seek rest at night,
You draw close the blinds to shut out the light;
I come gently pattering on the roof overhead,
To lull you to sleep in your warm cozy bed.

You're drowsy—but listen till dreamland appears;
I whisper good-night through my fast falling tears.
My chalice is filled with raindrops and dew;
I let them fall gently, fair dreamer, for you.



Your knife gets an edge if ground against stone.

A decorative rectangular border with ornate, repeating floral and scrollwork patterns at the corners and midpoints.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

Whence come the buds and blossoms?
Lovely roses in full bloom
Greet the eye with rarest beauty,
Lade the air with rich perfume.
Where's a chalice for the perfume
Garnered in the violet's cell?
Where the artist's brush which tints them?
Whence the fragrance, who can tell?



Into a perfect and confident day, no counterfeit
and no alloy.

LIFE'S TRIALS.

Life's joys and woes alike are fleeting,
Receive the joys with kindly greeting;
Dull gloomy thoughts the spirits mar,
And dark clouds oft the home life jar.

Cares lead astray from ambition's goal,
Chilling like frost the heart, mind and soul;
Life's cares and duties unceasing revolve;
To untangle their network we often resolve.

Live in the present; let the past be the past.
If you dwell on the pleasures—they came not to last.
The griefs which assailed you will never return;
Leave their cremated ashes sealed fast in the urn.

Let bygones be bygones—draw the veil not aside.
Never look backward as you float on the tide;
Garner your strength, the stream you must ford;
The task will prove easy, if you trust in the Lord.



If you're waiting for something to turn up, better
walk as the elevator isn't running.

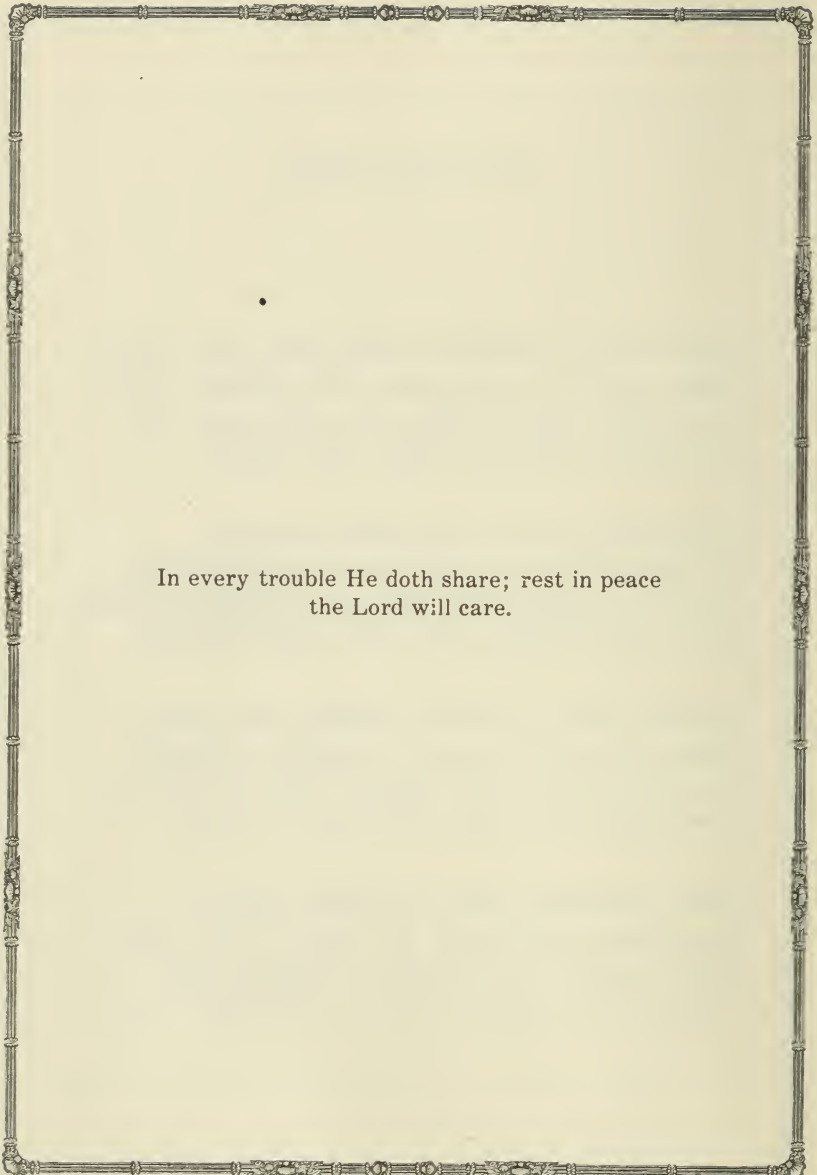
MOUNTAIN MISTS.

Grand are the mountains in their soft mossy green,
Fleecy clouds on each summit, like feathery sheen;
In the mist they are veiled, from base unto crest,
As beautiful maiden in bridal robes dressed.

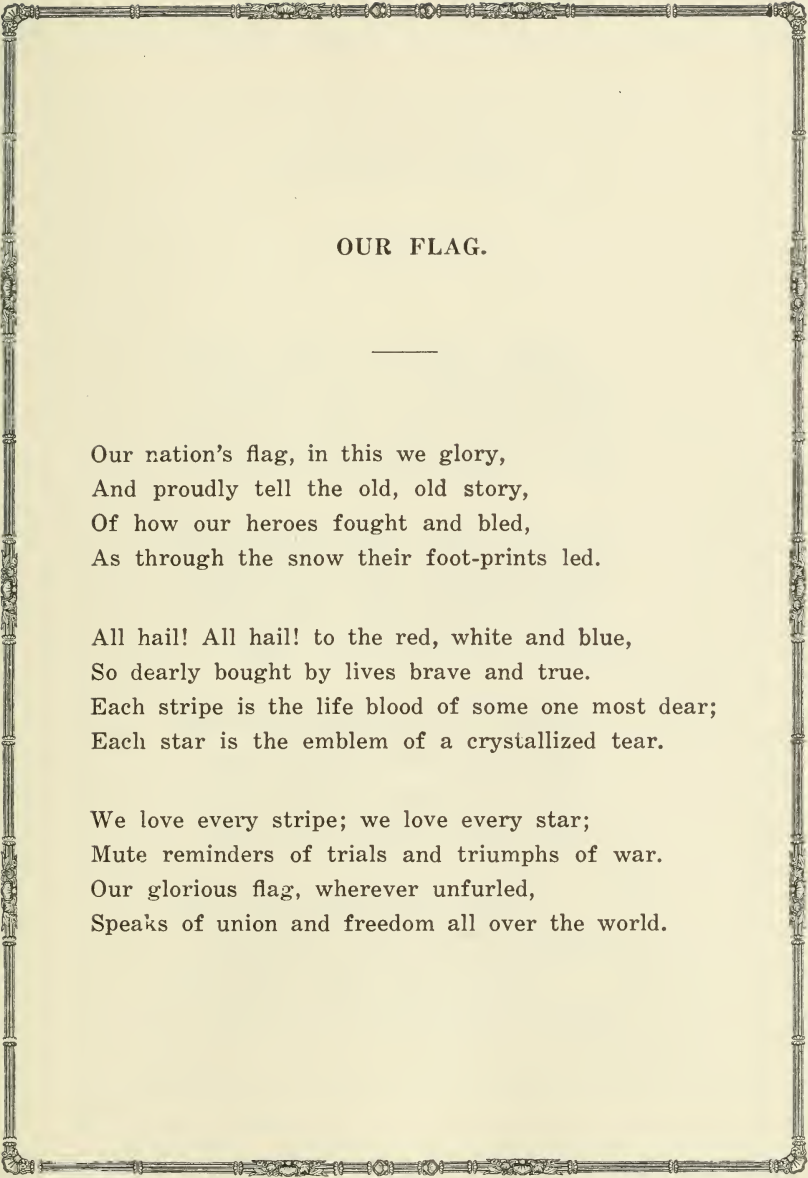
Like billowy waves, storm-tossed into foam;
Or hosts of lost fairies in clouds wandering home.
When the rain has ceased falling, the low-hanging clouds
Are as wave chasing wave, with spirits endowed.

As smoke from a furnace, changing and fleeting;
Flying hither and thither, a constant repeating;
Now high on each crest, they are white as the snow;
Then dissolve into mist, at the base far below.

Fleecy and foamy, they float lighter than air;
Shimmering and dancing, now here and now there.
They cloud-cap the mountains in billowy foam,
They garnish each peak with a cloud-fairy's home.

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In every trouble He doth share; rest in peace
the Lord will care.

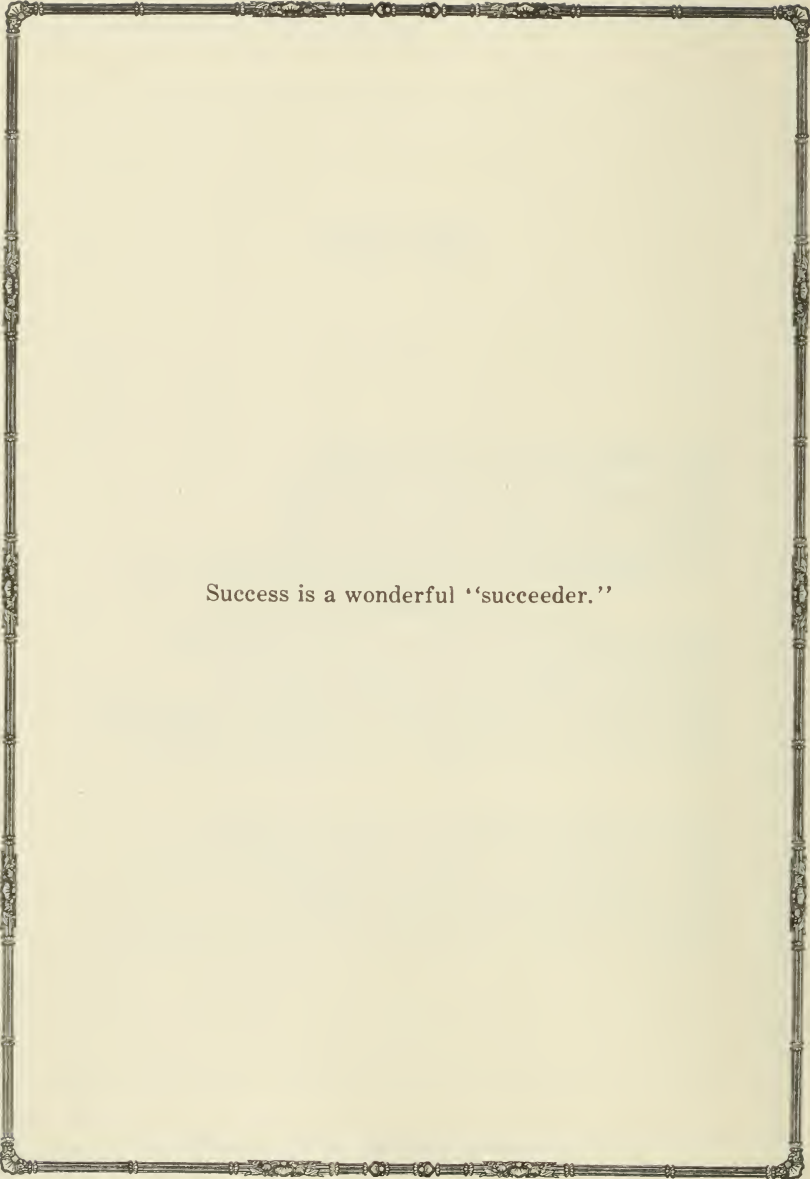
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OUR FLAG.

Our nation's flag, in this we glory,
And proudly tell the old, old story,
Of how our heroes fought and bled,
As through the snow their foot-prints led.

All hail! All hail! to the red, white and blue,
So dearly bought by lives brave and true.
Each stripe is the life blood of some one most dear;
Each star is the emblem of a crystallized tear.

We love every stripe; we love every star;
Mute reminders of trials and triumphs of war.
Our glorious flag, wherever unfurled,
Speaks of union and freedom all over the world.



Success is a wonderful ‘succeeder.’

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Angelic bells are joyfully ringing,
Seraphic tones in glorified singing,
"Peace on earth, good will to man."
Thus o'er Heavenly courts it ran.

Shepherds guarding flocks at night,
Startled by such wondrous light,
Forget awhile their watchful care,
As light and song float on the air.

Heavenly child now born of earth,
Angel songs proclaim His birth.
"Peace on earth, good will to man,"
Thus the heavenly chorus sang.

Hear the seraph voices sing,
"Welcome to the new born king."
Voice and harp—angelic plan—
"Peace on earth, good will to man."



Let all who are sad take heart again, we are not alone
in hours of pain.

HOOD RIVER.

Picturesque scenery both weird and wild,
Not a touch of man's hand to train Nature's rough child.
The river's dark green flecked by white caps of foam,
Seems enchanting enough for a mermaid's own home.

Grand mountains like sentinels protecting the river,
Which glides restlessly onward forever and ever,
Constantly changing and flashing in color and light,
As beautiful as morning, as enchanting as night.

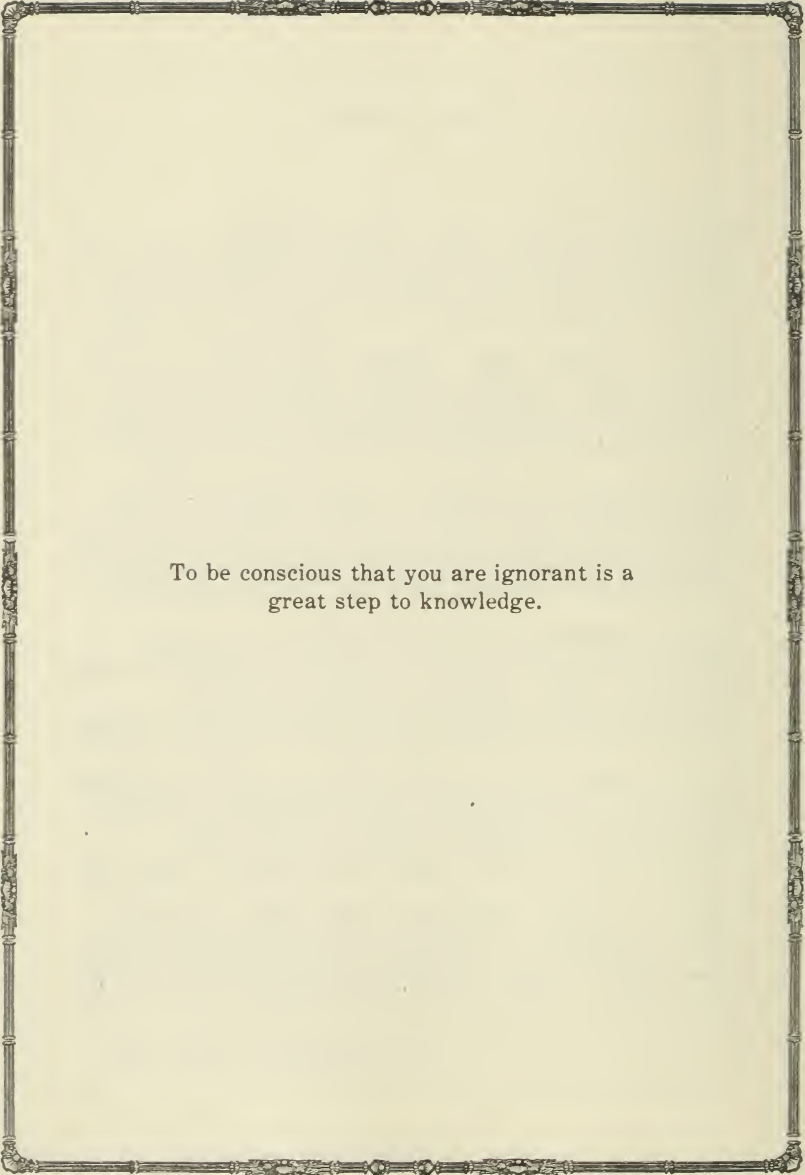
Snow-crested Mt. Adams in the distance is seen,
Like a speck of white beauty 'gainst a background of green.
Mount Hood, in its grandeur, is eclipsed from the view
By spurs less imposing near the sky's lovely blue.

Distant tinkling of bells now falls on the ear,
Wafted by zephyr's low music through a grove that is near.
Each tree softly whispers of beauty around,
Falling as mute benedictions from its leaves to the ground.

Down a steep mountain side there's a cataract dashing;
Its flecks of white foam in the sunlight are flashing;
Hurrying and rushing it leaps to the base,
To dash back its spray 'gainst the mountain's rough face.

There is beauty entrancing, both gentle and wild,
Like a glimpse of refinement in an uncultured child.
The effect at once charms, the attention must hold,
Like Nature's rough diamonds in frame-work of gold.

Written at Hood River, Oregon, 1897.



To be conscious that you are ignorant is a
great step to knowledge.

INFLUENCE.

Forces unseen through the channels of life—
With shadows and sunshine equally rife—

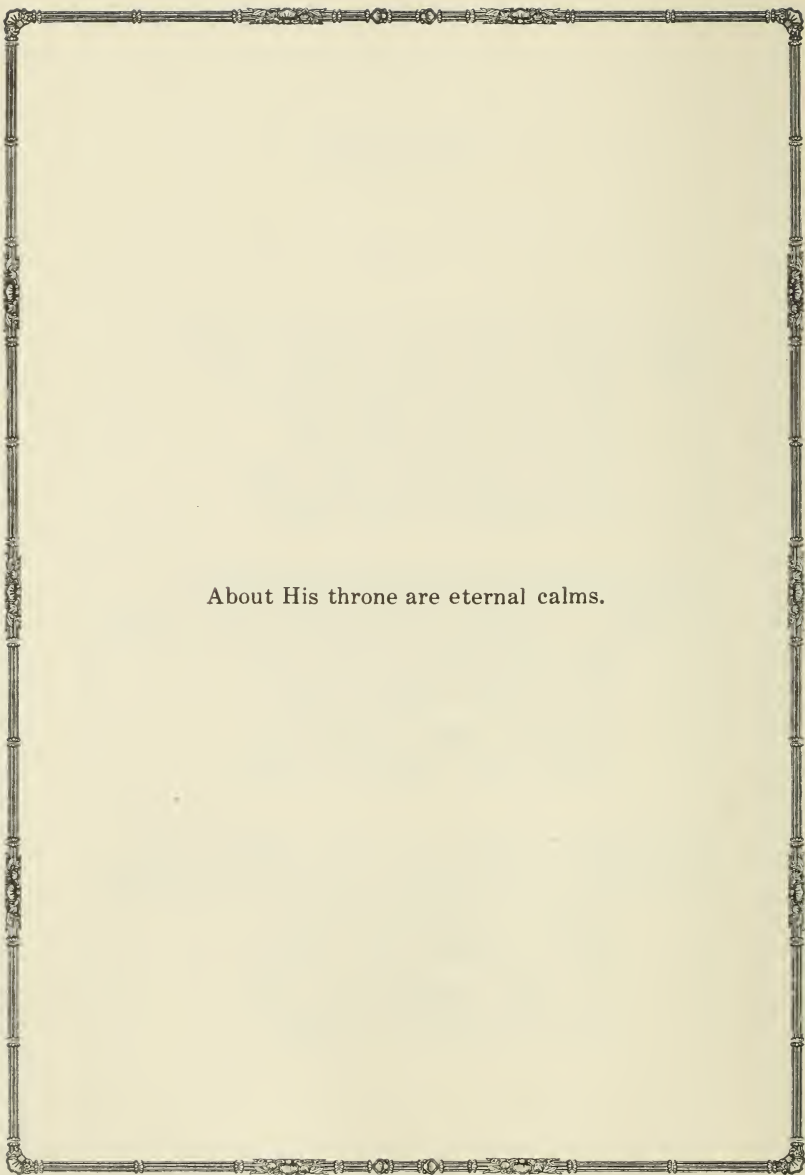
We feel their strong power
O'er our lives every hour.
We're swayed by their force,
Yet change not our course.

Entangled by meshes unseen in the web,
In haste to untangle we draw the wrong thread.

We understand not the laws;
Is it effect without cause?
Weaving chains around life,
While we're victims of strife.

The influence around us is not what we seek;
We wrench at the chains, but find we are weak.

There are forces and laws,
Each controlled by a cause.
As life's mandates are laid,
Thus they must be obeyed.



About His throne are eternal calms.

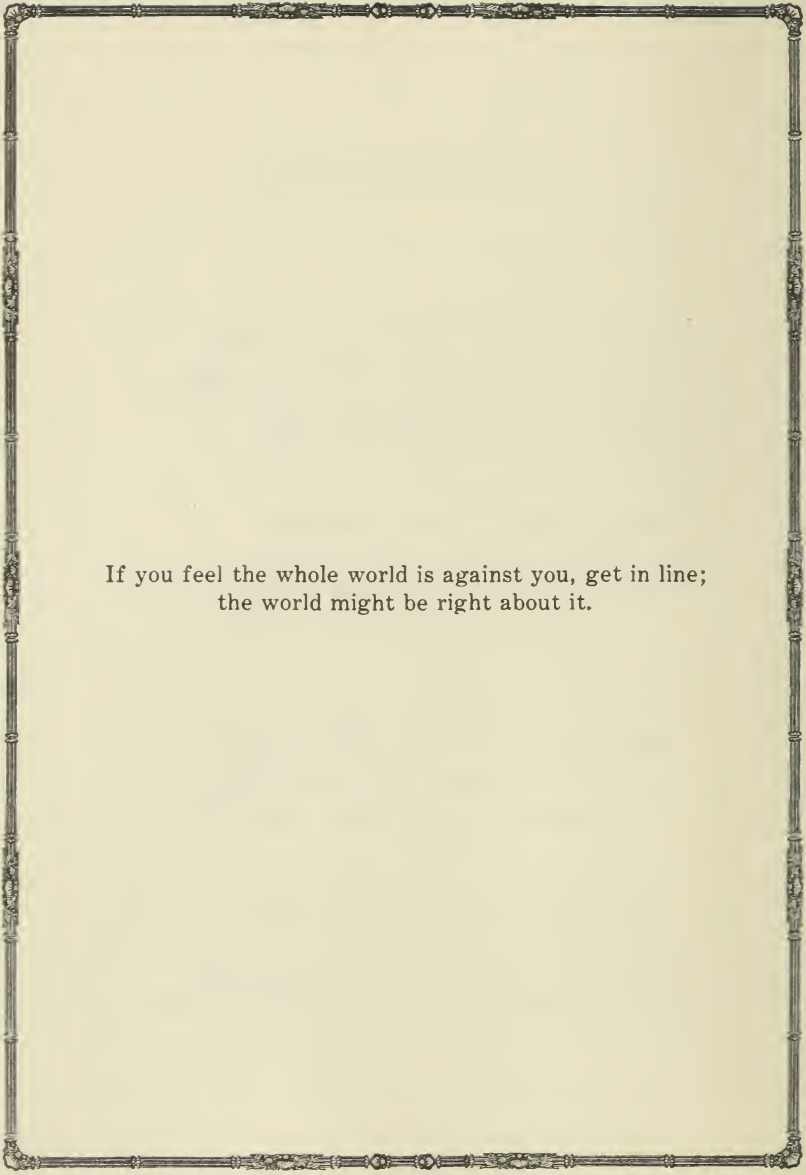
BEND NOT THE TWIG.

As the twig is bent the tree's inclined.
There're ruling passions in young minds,
Which mould and shape the coming man.
Power is lost to change this plan.

A tiny twig is crushed to earth;
To beauty lost, and lost to worth.
For by the stroke, the twig is bent,
Till through the tree its form is lent.

Deep in the earth the strong roots wind,
Thus in the trunk some life we find;
The twig was bent long years gone by,
A shapeless tree now greets the eye.

Wrong influence o'er a pliant mind,
Develops man to vice inclined.
Be wise and guard the young with care,
Shield youthful mind from tempter's snare.



If you feel the whole world is against you, get in line;
the world might be right about it.

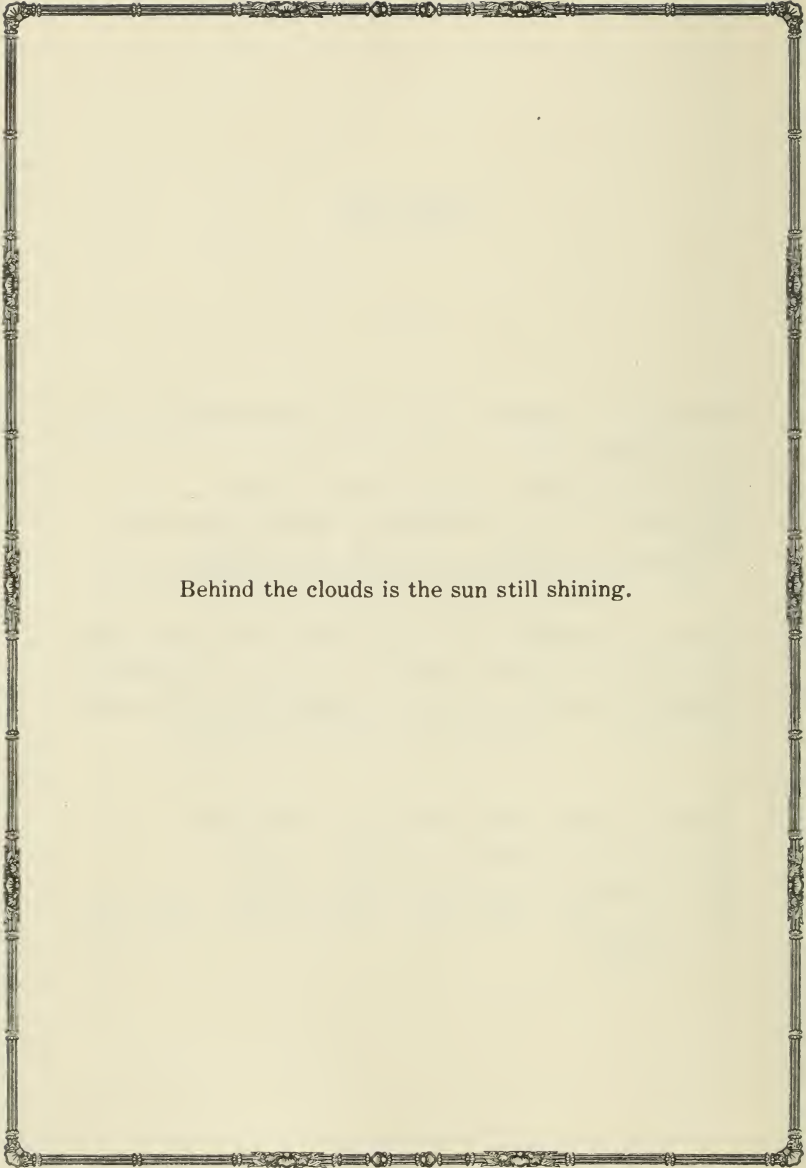
SEND ME.

Here am I! Send me. Let this be the watchword from
sea unto sea.

This call is to you; the same call is to me.
The world is now struggling in turmoil and pain,
Tyranny to vanquish and right to maintain.

I hear my country's call and answer prompt and free;
I've given all but just myself, now here am I, send me.
Iniquity and crime are to be expelled from the world,
And down to the dust every tyrant be hurled.

Listen! I hear another quick cry, "Send me,"
I am ready for action, to conquer or die.
The carnage of war must forever cease;
O'er the whole world then will brood the white dove
of peace.



Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.

A TRIP THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

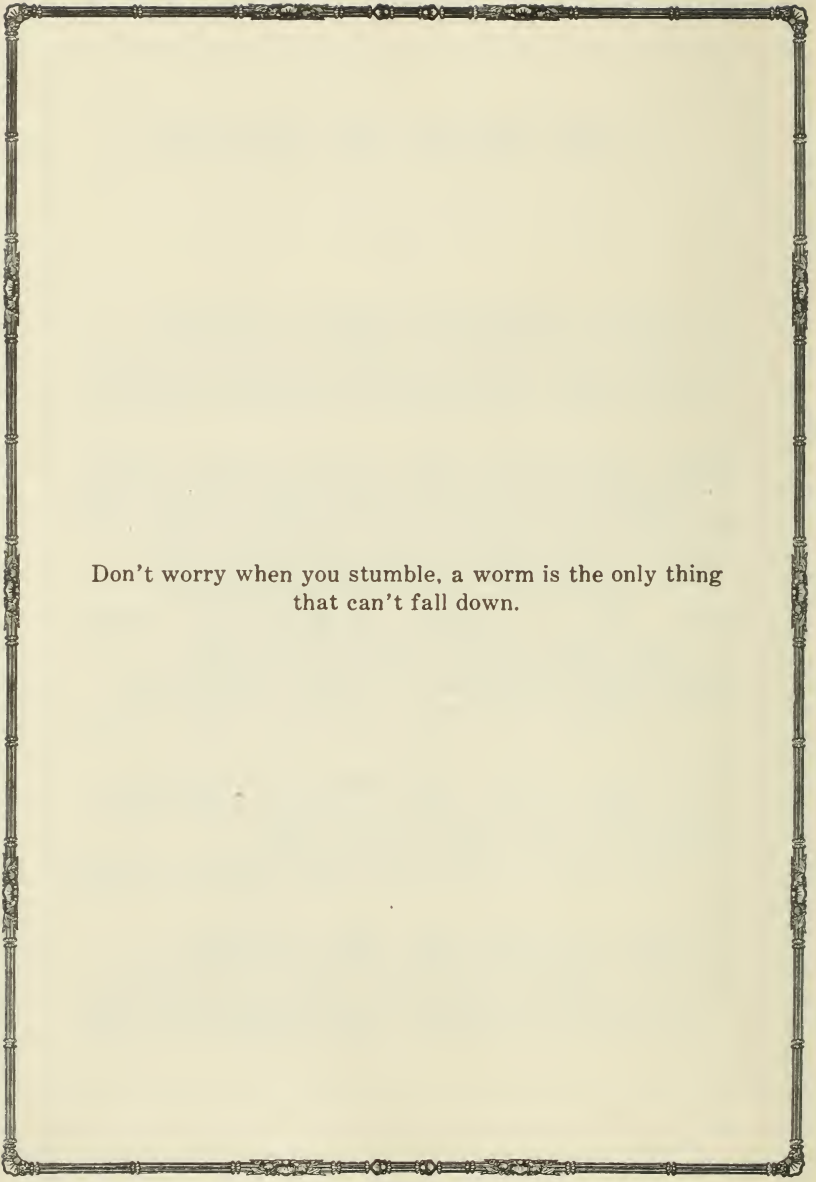
Up the high mountains the engine is climbing;
Round and around its course now seems to wind;
Reaching near and more near the far away summit;
To the view, there appears many tracks left behind.

Small crystal streams here and there dashing wildly,
Flashing like gems down the steep mountain side;
Far off in the sunlight they're glittering above us,
Now foaming below like the deep ocean tide.

Many bridges of network and slight-looking trestles,
Span weird chasms, both dark and high;
Snow-capped mountains on all sides surround us,
In grandeur and beauty, they rest near the sky.

Dark forests of pines, with bright blooming flowers,
On this side and that—far above, way below—
Thousands of feet above the sea level;
'Tis a scene of wild beauty, midst sunshine and snow.

Grandeur and beauty and danger combining
The wonders of nature and man's art in one.
We ne'er think of danger that here may surround us,
But drink in the beauty, 'neath snowflakes and sun.



Don't worry when you stumble, a worm is the only thing
that can't fall down.

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

Two pilgrims on the voyage of life just outside the portals,
Toiling onward in the strife, like all earthly mortals;
Storms have risen o'er their pathway excluding all the light;
Sable clouds hang low at noontide, turning day to night.

They struggle bravely onward, heavy burdens they must bear;
While the fiery bolts of heaven, clashing, rend the murky air.
The heart throbs almost cease, the soul grows faint with dread;
As wave on wave of anguish rolls o'er each drooping head.

The happiness of earth they've sought and striven for earthly
joy.

Earth's pleasures proved but phantoms, her gold was but alloy.
Now 'mid storms and clouds of darkness, their cry will never
cease,

Till above the weary, fainting soul expands the bow of peace.

They catch a glimpse of one bright star far gleaming through
the night,

Which turns the darkness into day and glorifies the light.

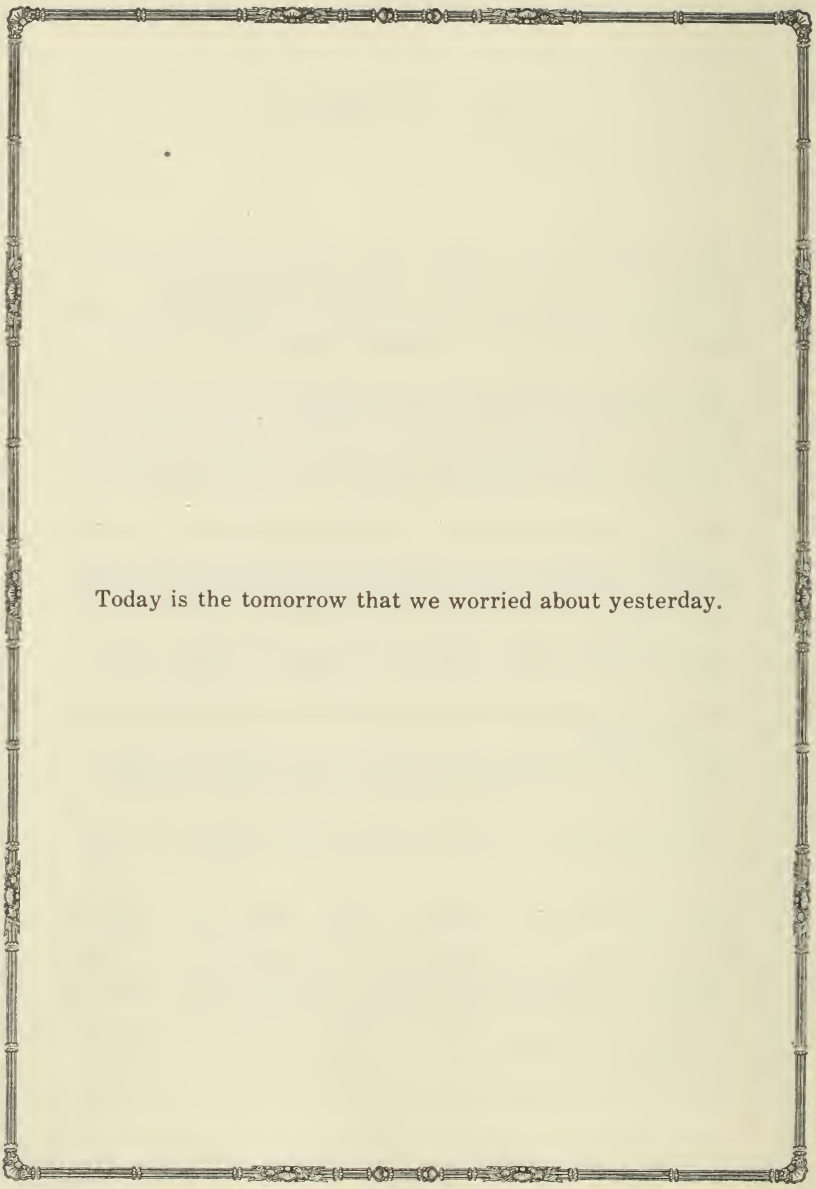
While all the sorrow and the pain, their hearts and lives did
fill,

Is banished quickly by the voice which whispered, "Peace,
be still."

The tempest now has ceased to rage around the pilgrim's
way;

The star of hope, with brilliant rays, turns darkness into day;
The bow of promise spans the sky 'mid cheering beams of
light;

To guide the pilgrims to their home, and banish shades of
night.



Today is the tomorrow that we worried about yesterday.

SPOKANE FALLS.

I have journeyed far east, I have journeyed far west,
Mid scenes of rare beauty by Nature possessed.
Cities made very attractive from architect's plan—
Still there's nothing more charming than the Falls
of Spokane.

Towns flanked by mountains with crests near the sky,
Where the tallest of buildings would never seem high;
O'er the desert-like plains, cities rise without plan,
But for natural beauty, take the Falls of Spokane.

So majestically falling, all sparkling and bright,
Like molten glass pouring through crystalline light;
Gathering prismatic colors from the rainbow's near span,
There's weird enchantment about the Falls of Spokane.

You may journey far east, you may journey far west,
You'll find scenes of beauty, but you'll like this the best.
Nature's attractions are many, all pleasing to man,
But none charm the beholder like the Falls of Spokane.

In my pleasure trips east, or my business trips west,
As I recall scenic beauty, which I really like best,
There is nothing in scenery nor in architect's plan,
Which will cling to my memory like the Falls of Spokane.

Written at Spokane, Wash., 1897.



Don't look for windfalls—the best apples stay
on the trees and have to be picked.

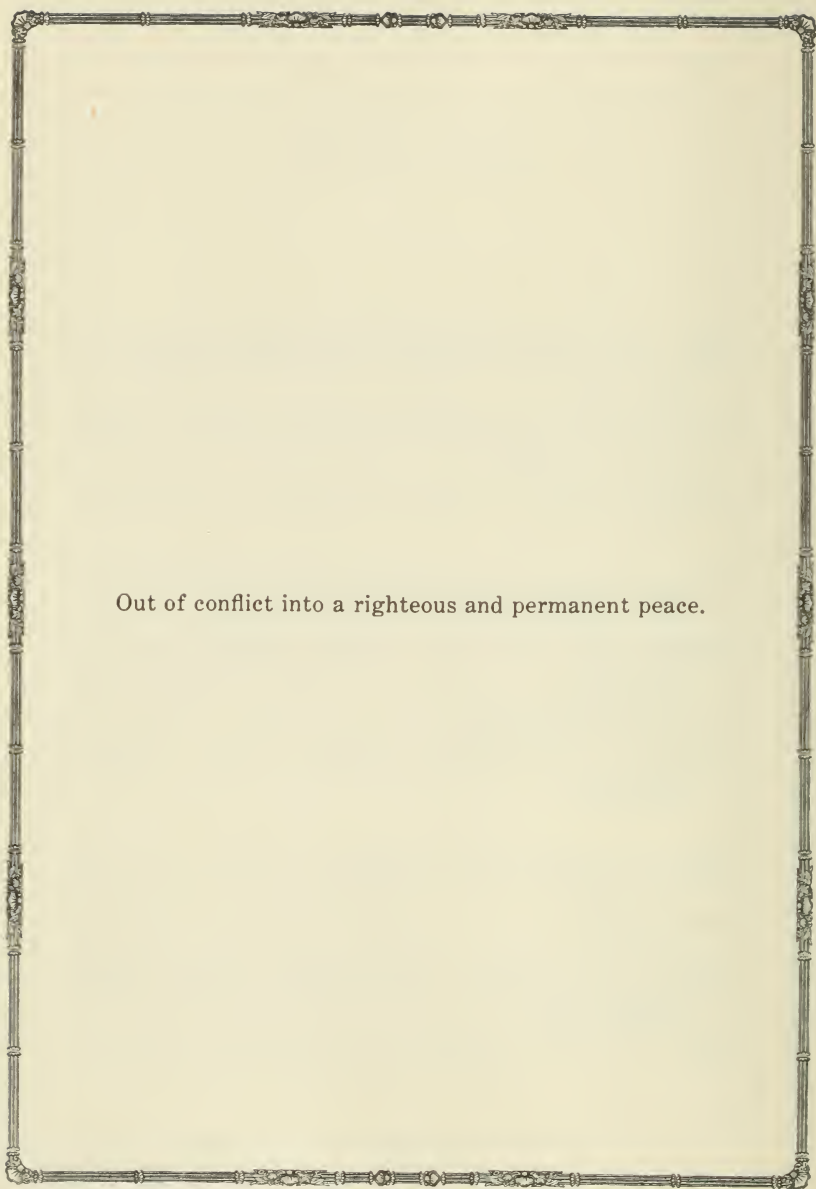
LIFE'S PATHWAY.

There is something in life's battle not unlike a stormy day;
Clouds and sunshine, thunders rattle, interchanging on
life's way.

Our morning sun has reached its zenith, flecked by clouds,
but not eclipsed;
Still its rays grow faint and fainter, till behind dark
clouds it slips.

Our noon of life is night of darkness, lightnings flash
and thunders roll,
Thrilling every nerve with anguish, bringing terror to
the soul.
Clouds around our pathway hover, gleams of light flash
through the rifts,
Bringing to us thoughts of heaven, hopes of future
happiness.

Thus in life we're oft unconscious of great danger till
it's past;
Then we wonder how it happened that the danger did
not last.
Clouds and sunshine intermingling, lightnings flash,
thunders roll;
Keep us ever from all danger, is the language of the soul.



Out of conflict into a righteous and permanent peace.

PEACE BELLS ARE RINGING.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Peace bells are triumphantly ringing,
The heart of every nation is joyfully singing,
Her emblem of peace to the world, the white dove is
bringing.

Give glory to God in worshipful awe;
In His mercy and justice there is no earthly flaw,
As righteous judgments are His own Divine law.

Rejoice! Victory is ours, most heroically won;
While God is the author of all noble deeds done;
Through His strength and Wisdom all laurels were won.

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